

GOLD
KEY

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

NOW ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

Huckleberry Hound

10067-307

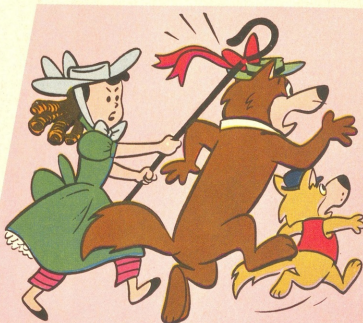
JULY



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND
WILLIAM TAIL



PIXIE, DIXIE
AND MR. JINKS
TO EACH HIS OWN



HOKEY AND DING-A-LING
RHYMESVILLE, U. S. A.



KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

WILD ANIMALS of AUSTRALIA

NUMBER 3

THE TREE KANGAROO

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



The Tree Kangaroo is a miniature of his Kangaroo cousin. Face is rounder and bear-like. His hind legs are short and awkward.



This kangaroo feeds on leaves and fruit of trees. The soles of the feet are rough and broad. Long curved claws help in climbing.



While traveling through trees this kangaroo leaps agilely from limb to limb, often jumping as much as 20 feet between branches.



Seated on a limb, this kangaroo feeds itself with one or both forepaws. The slender tail serves as a rudder and balancing organ.

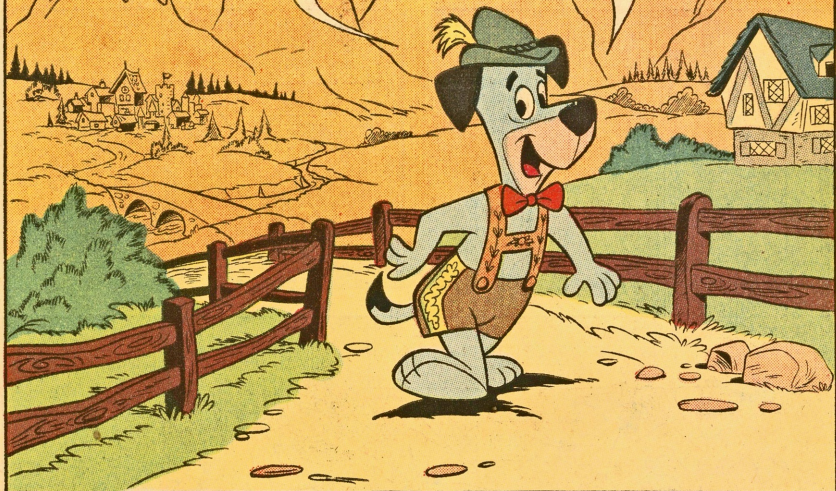


In spite of his name this animal spends most of his time on the ground. When hunted by native dogs he climbs a tree to escape.

Hanna-Barbera **HUCKLEBERRY HOUND**
WILLIAM TAIL

♪ YODELLLA...
YODEELLOO... ♪

THAT'S YODELING! US SWISS FOLKS DO A LOT OF THAT! ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY AND THERE'S NOT MUCH ELSE TO DO! TV AND MARBLES HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!



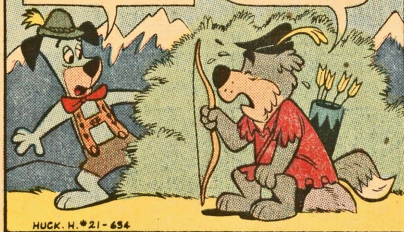
(SNIFF!)
BOO-HOO!

NOW, THAT'S CRYING! US SWISS FOLKS DON'T DO TOO MUCH OF THAT!



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, MISTER?

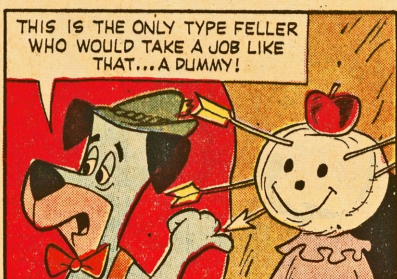
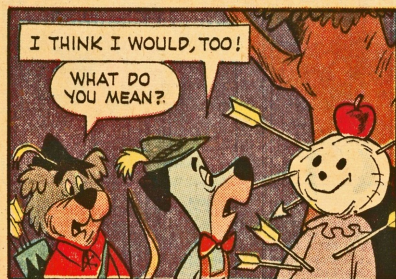
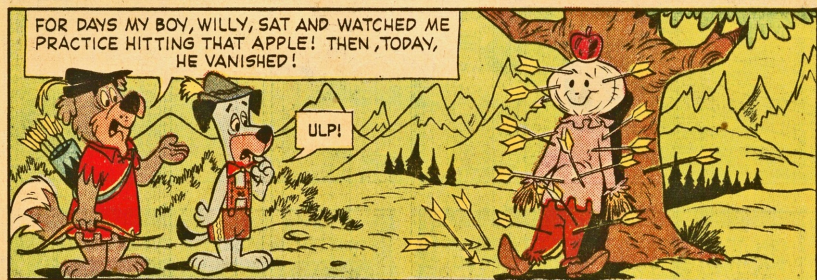
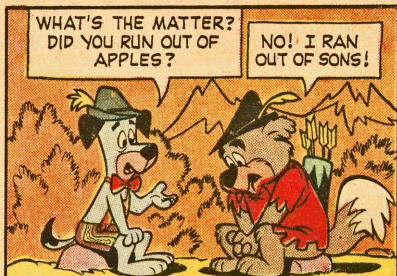
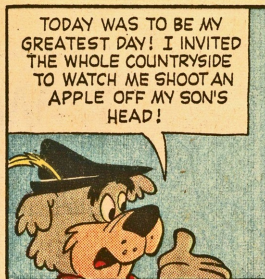
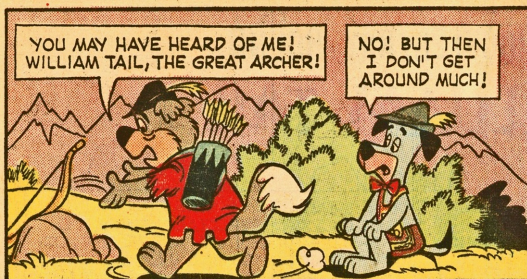
EVERYTHING!



HUCK. H. #21-654

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SIR, YOU'RE SUGGESTING MY SON RAN AWAY!
HOW DARE YOU CALL MY BRAVE BOY A COWARD!



WHAT IN HUSH PUPPIES AM I
RUNNING FOR? I JUST SAW AN
EXAMPLE OF HIS ARCHERY!



LET'S TALK THIS OVER!



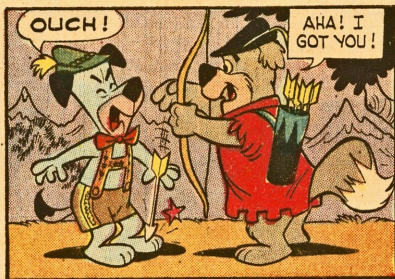
QUIT
MOVING!

NOW, LOOK,
MISTER TAIL...



OUCH!

AHA! I
GOT YOU!



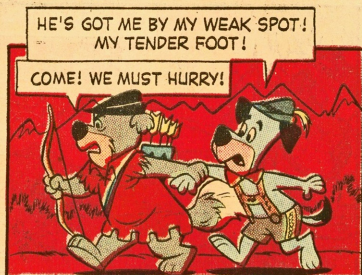
NOW IF YOU'LL JUST
BUTTON UP YOUR BOW
FOR A MINUTE, YOU'LL
SEE THAT I'M YOUR
FRIEND!

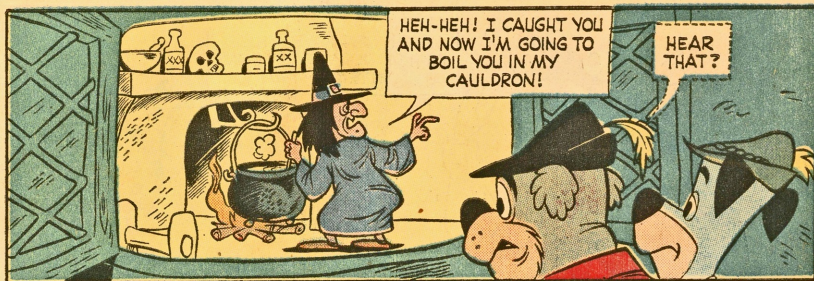


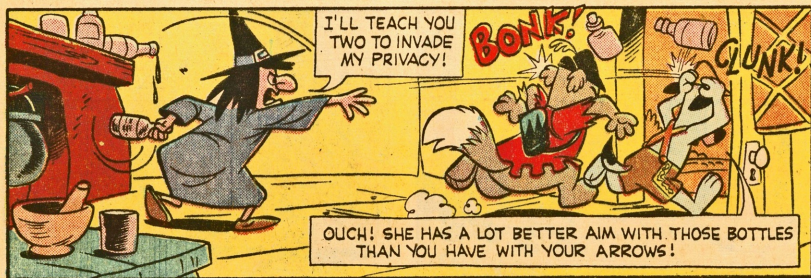
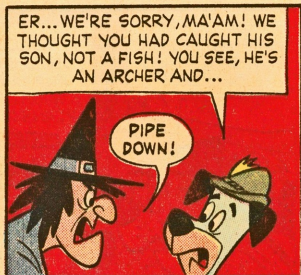
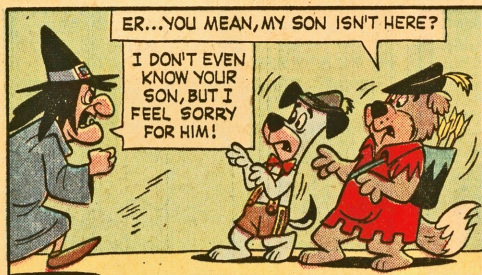
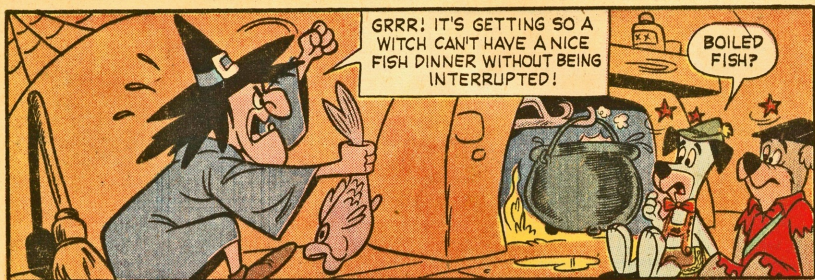
IF YOU SAY YOUR SON
DIDN'T RUN OFF, I
BELIEVE YOU! I'M EVEN
WILLING TO HELP YOU
FIND HIM!

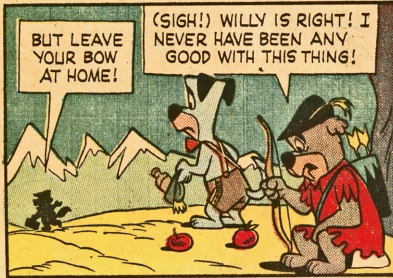
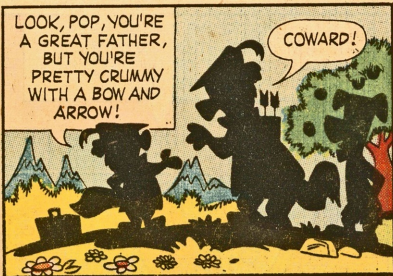
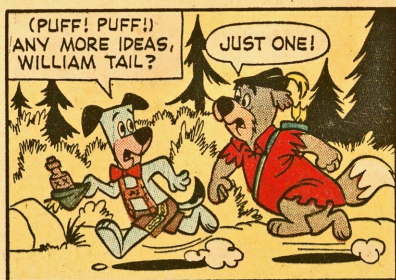
SPLENDID!
I HAVE
A HUNCH
WHERE
HE IS!

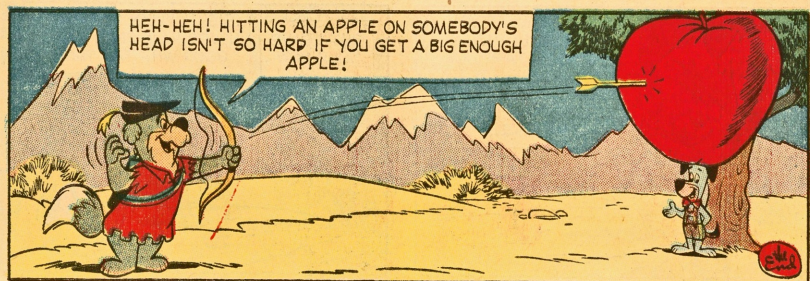
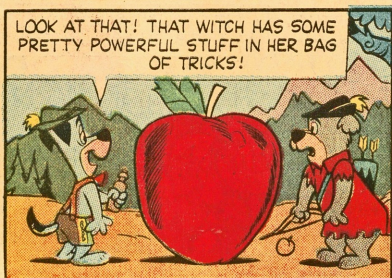
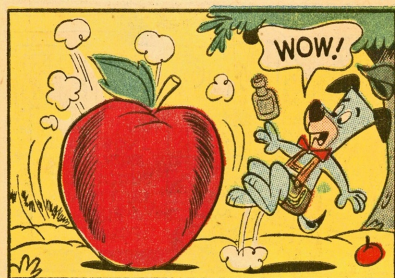






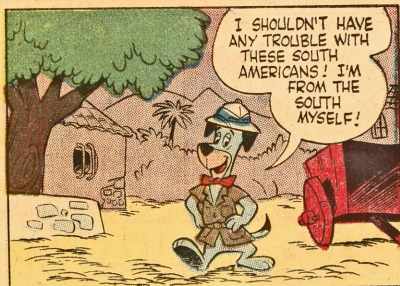
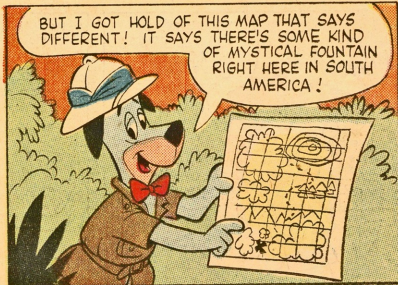
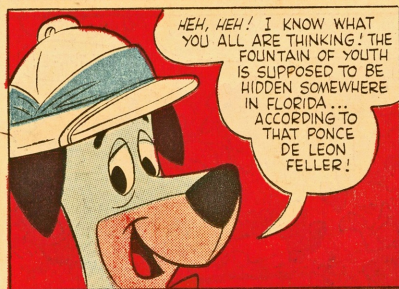
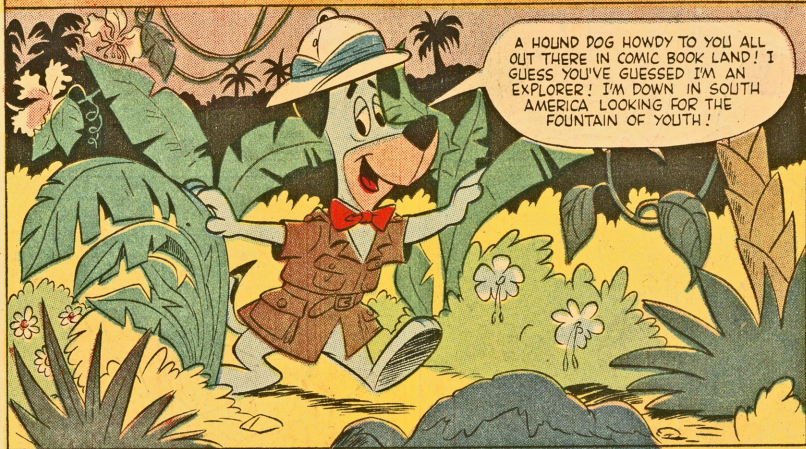


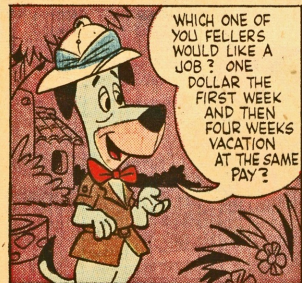
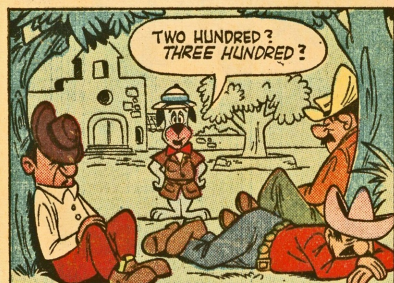




Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*

BUNGLE in the JUNGLE

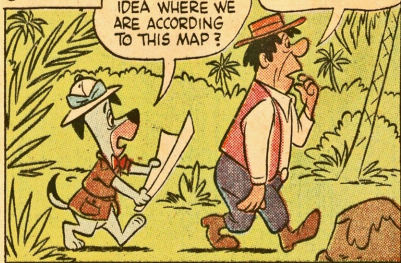




SHORTLY...

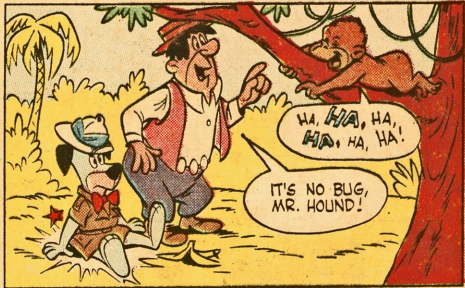
YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA WHERE WE
ARE ACCORDING
TO THIS MAP?

NOPE! I'M LOST!

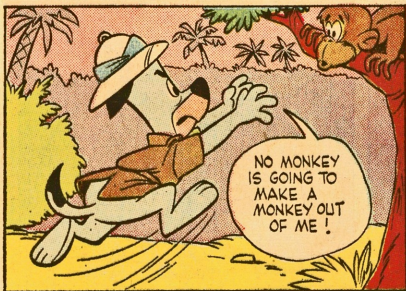


YEEOWWW!

DON'T TELL ME THEY
EVEN HAVE LITTERBUGS
HERE IN THE
JUNGLE!



IT'S NO BUG,
MR. HOUND!



NO MONKEY
IS GOING TO
MAKE A
MONKEY OUT
OF ME!

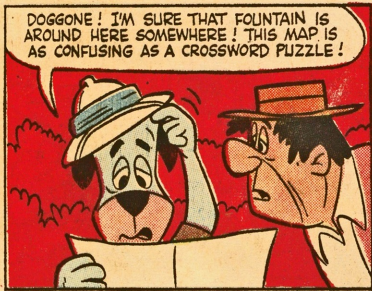


THIS WON'T HURT
THROUGH ALL YOUR
FUR! I JUST WANT
TO TEACH YOU A
LESSON! A FELLER
COULD GET HURT
THAT WAY! BESIDES,
YOU SHOULD
KEEP YOUR
JUNGLE
CLEAN!

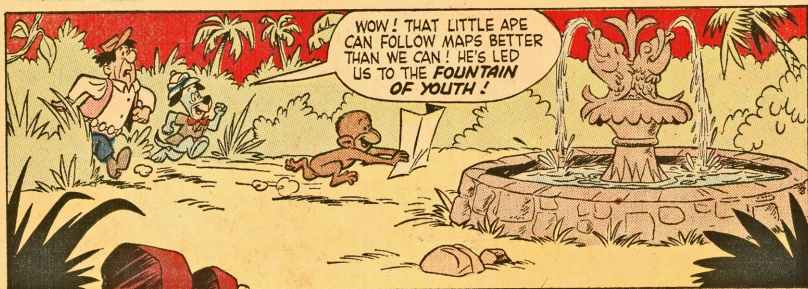
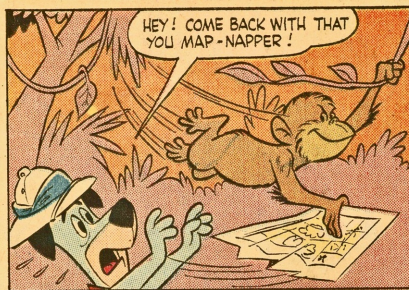


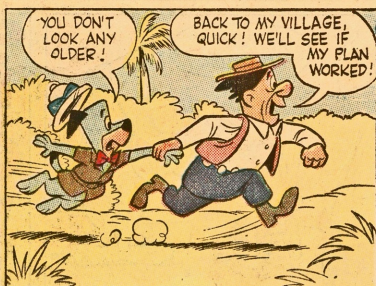
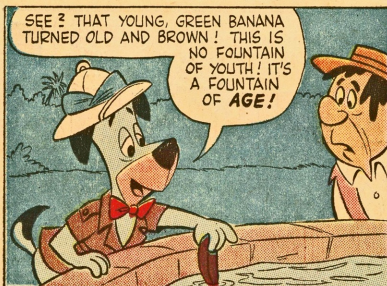
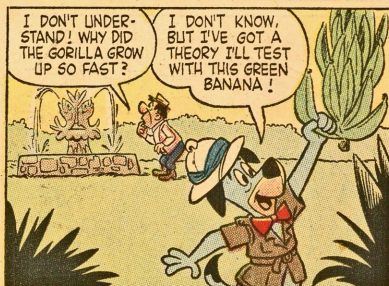
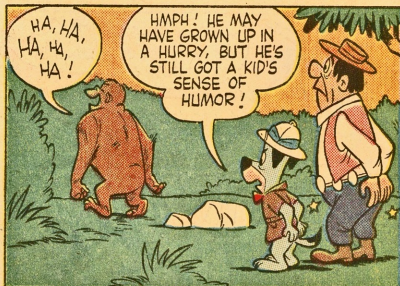
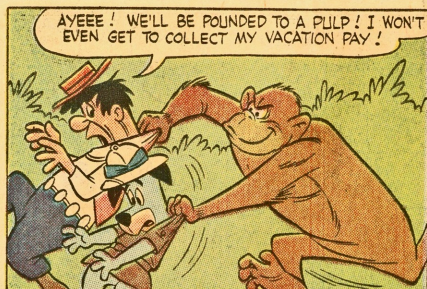
THAT'S NO MONKEY!
IT'S A **BABY GORILLA!**

SO WHAT?
AS LONG AS
IT'S A BABY!

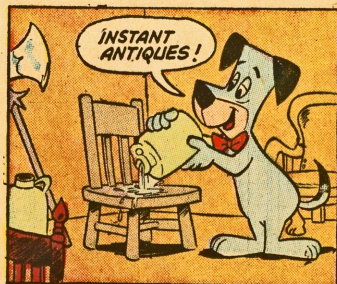
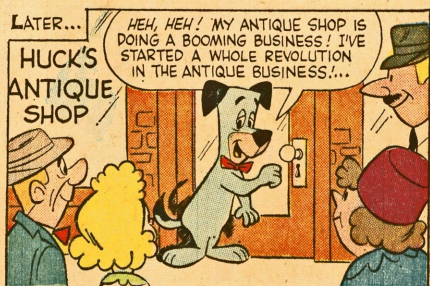
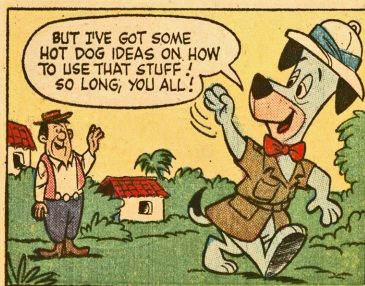
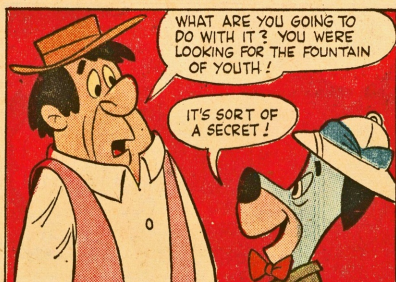


DOGGONE! I'M SURE THAT FOUNTAIN IS
AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! THIS MAP IS
AS CONFUSING AS A CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

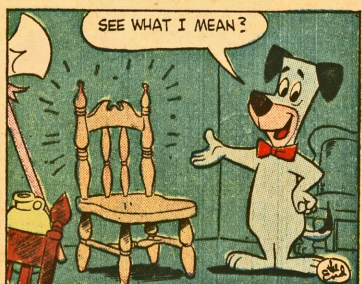




SOON...

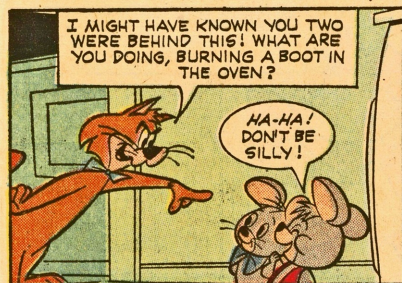
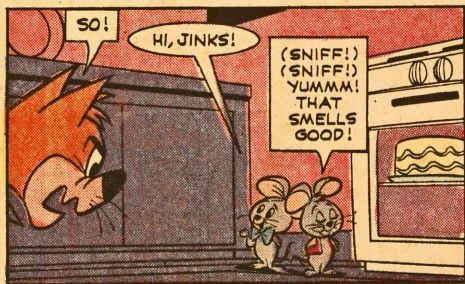
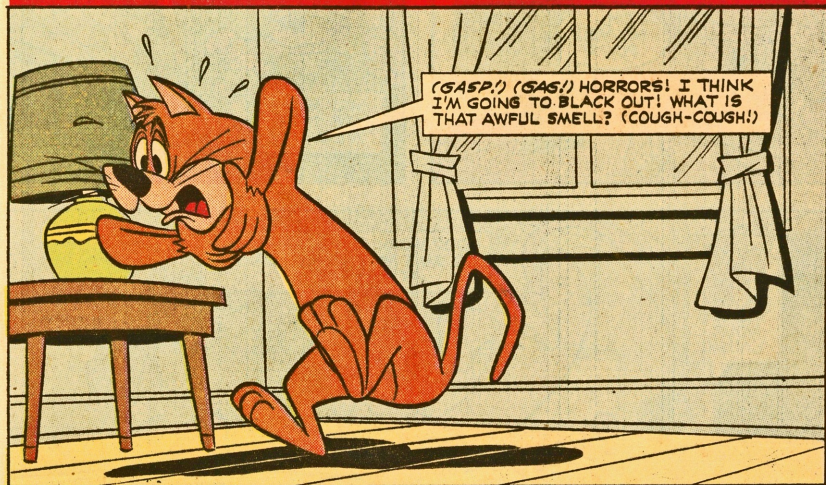


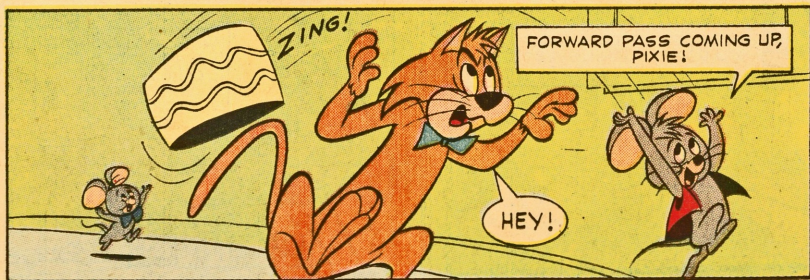
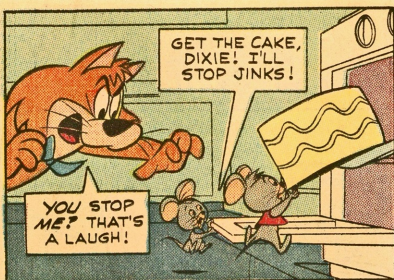
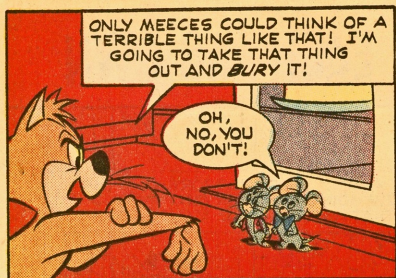
SPRING!

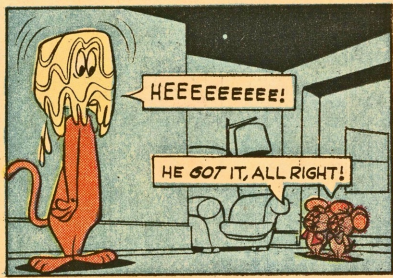
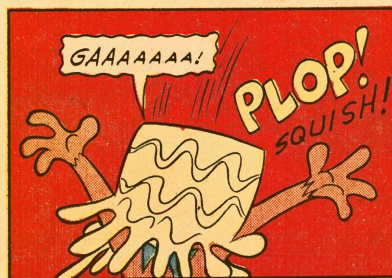
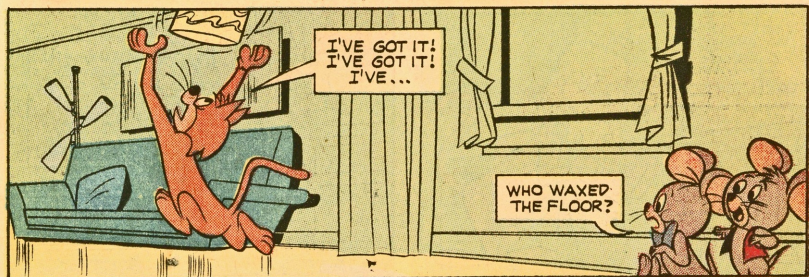
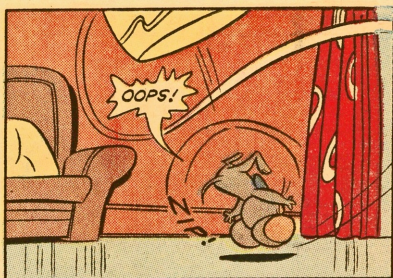


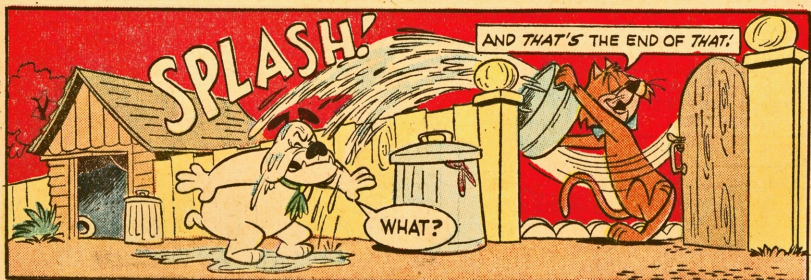
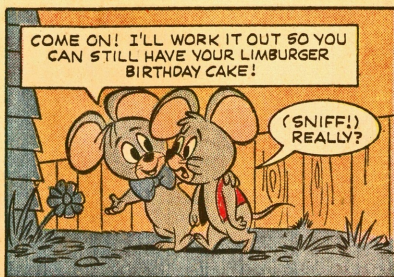
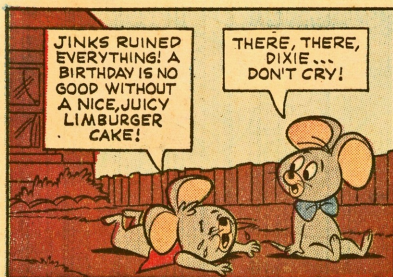
Hanna-Barbera
Pixie, Dixie
and Mr. Jinks

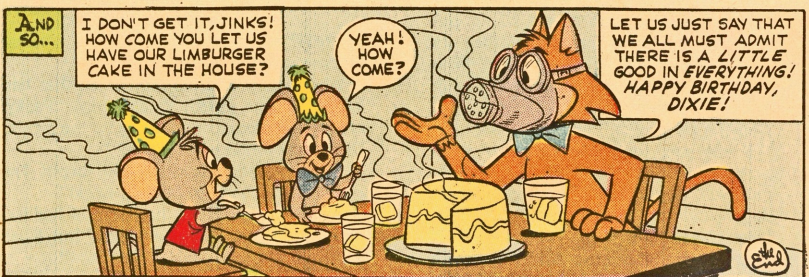
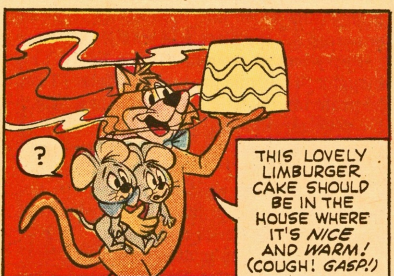
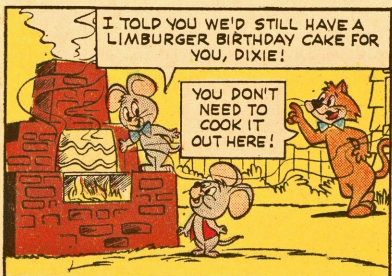
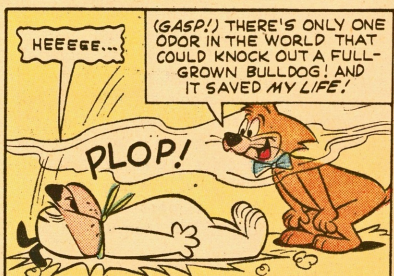
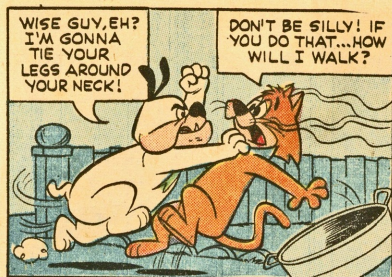
TO EACH HIS OWN



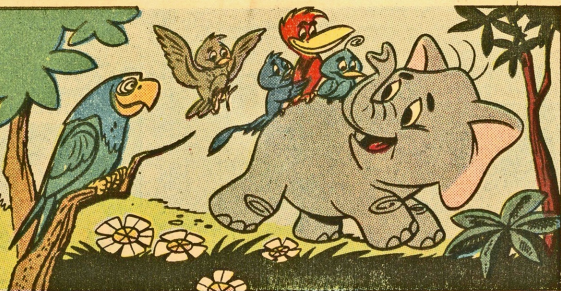








PACKY'S PRIVATE PICNIC



"Have a good time at the picnic," Packy's mother said to him, "and be good."

"I will," answered Packy, the forgetful little elephant, as he set off to join his friends at the jungle picnic grounds.

Packy skipped and whistled and sang, as he went along the jungle path, swinging his bag of lunch. "Picnics are always a lot of fun," he thought happily. "We play some old games and make up new ones and play little tricks on each other. And then we eat and eat and eat . . ."

By now, Packy was at the picnic grounds.

"Hi, everybody," he called, as he burst through the brush into the clearing. No one answered . . . the place was empty!

Packy looked around. "That's funny," he thought. "I must be the first one here." Then he peered through the near-by bushes. "Oh," he decided, smiling, "my friends are just playing a trick on me. I'll sit here and wait for them to come."

As the minutes went by, and no one appeared, Packy got to his feet and wandered around, kicking stones and leaves.

"Some trick," he muttered to himself.

"What's the matter, Packy?" asked a big parrot from a near-by tree.

"We were supposed to have a picnic, but none of my friends are here. I think they are playing a trick on me." Then he asked, looking brighter, "Mr. Parrot, would you like to have a picnic with me?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to," said Mr. Parrot.

"I'll join you, too," came another voice from the tree.

"You will, Mr. Cockatoo?" Packy laughed. "This is wonderful! Come on, we'll play."

They played flying tag, with the birds circling around the little elephant, while

Packy tried to tag them with his trunk. Their laughter attracted others, and soon many other birds, as well as more parrots and cockatoos, joined in the fun.

At last, everyone stopped to rest.

"No more of that," puffed Mr. Parrot. "I'm out of breath."

"We can do something else," said Packy. "Let's play train. Everyone sit on my back, and I'll give you a ride."

With the big and little birds lined up on his back, Packy jogged around the grounds.

"Choo, choo," he chugged, and "Woo, woo, woo," he whistled. The game ended in loud laughter, when Packy jogged so fast that some of the birds slipped off.

"It's time for lunch, anyway," said Packy. "I'm hungry," and he opened up his bag of lunch.

Packy ate his sandwiches and cookies, scattering crumbs from them for all his bird friends. When lunch was over, Packy said, "Well, I must go home now, but this was the nicest picnic I ever went to. Thank you for joining me."

"It was lots of fun," answered the birds. "We'll do it again anytime."

At home, Packy's mother greeted him asking, "Did you have a good time, dear?"

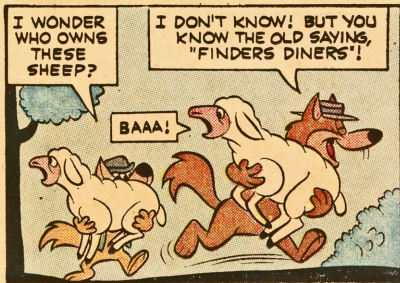
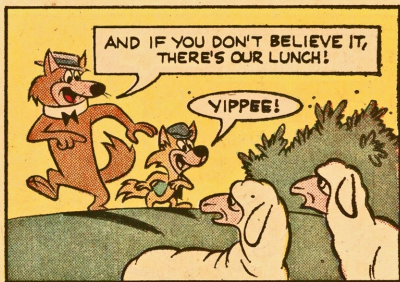
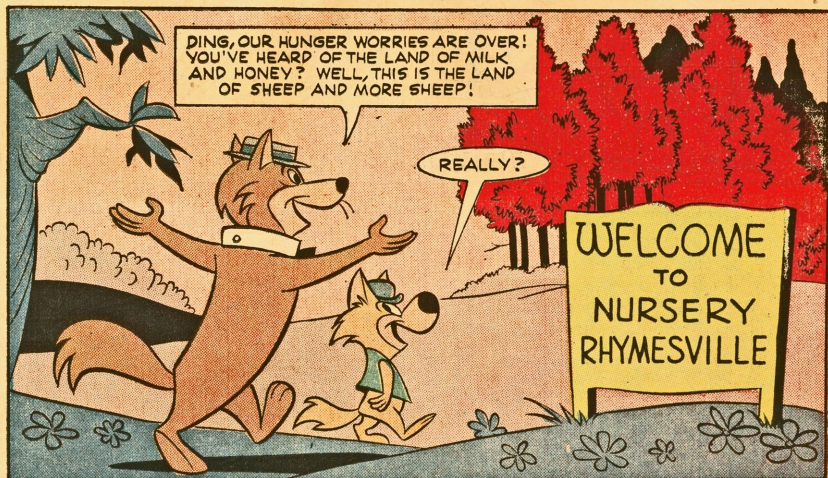
"Yes," answered Packy. "I had a wonderful time with the birds."

When Packy told his mother all that had happened, she asked, thoughtfully, "Packy, are you sure today was the day for the picnic? Or did you forget when it was?"

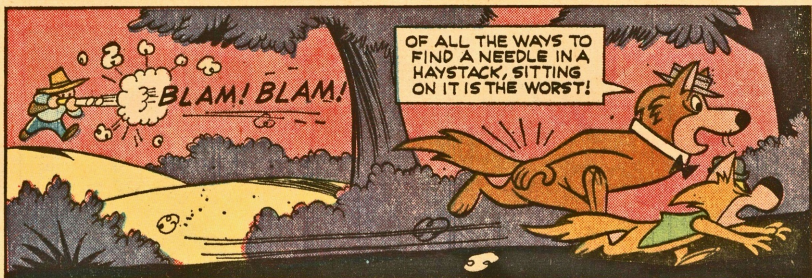
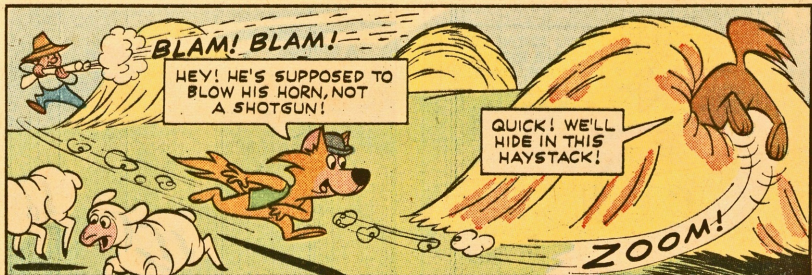
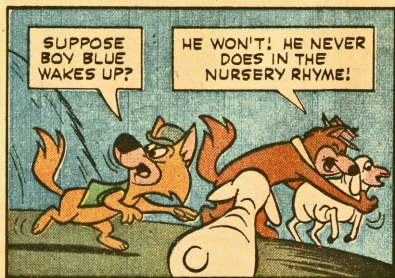
"Oh," gasped Packy. "I did forget! The picnic is supposed to be next week!"

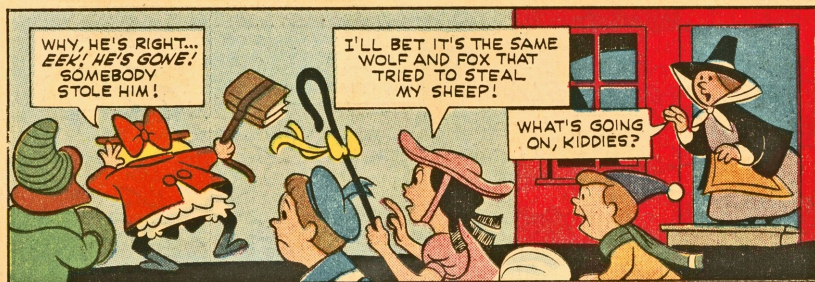
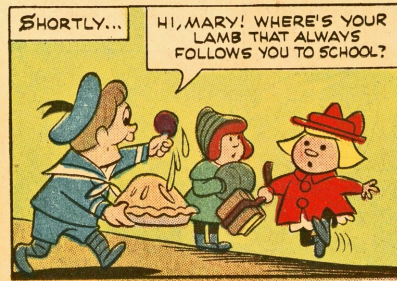
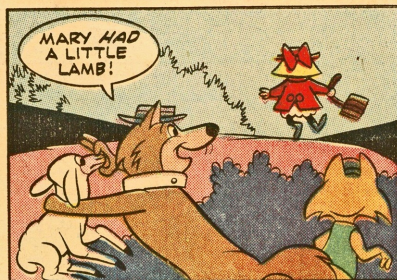
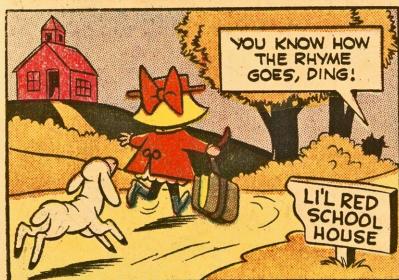
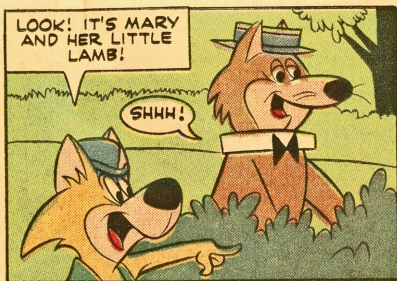
As his mother shook her head at her forgetful little son, Packy laughed, "But I had a private picnic . . . and it was fun!"

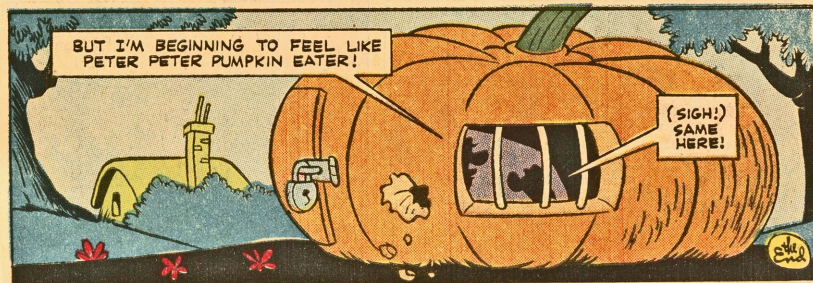
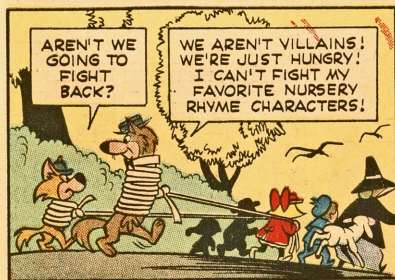
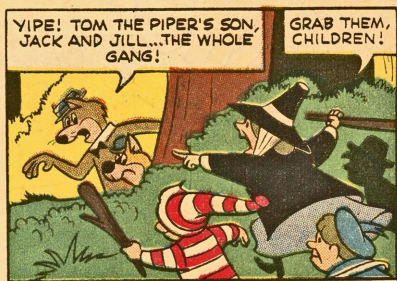
Hanna-Barbera HOKEY and DING-A-LING
RHYMESVILLE, U.S.A.





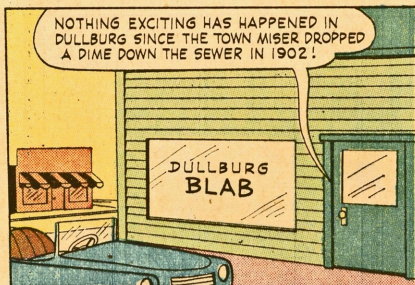
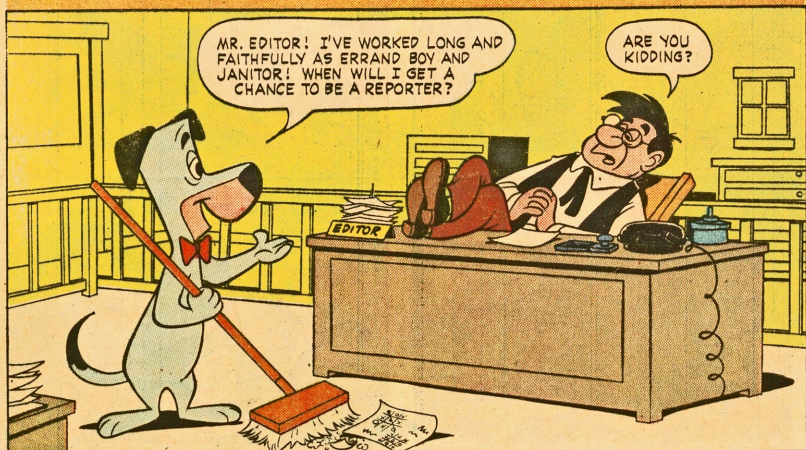


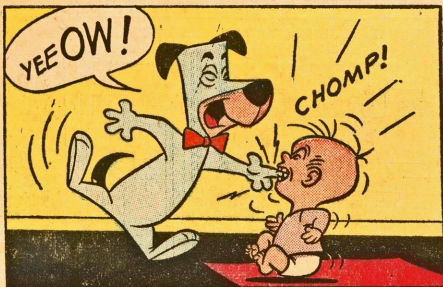
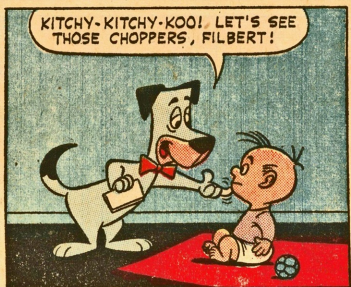
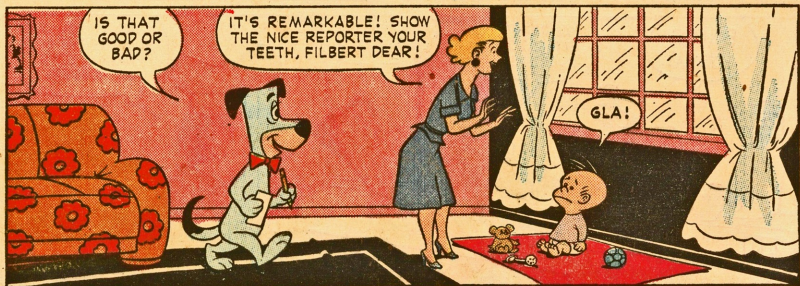
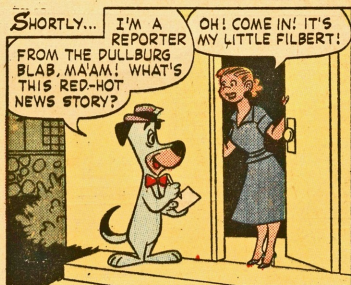
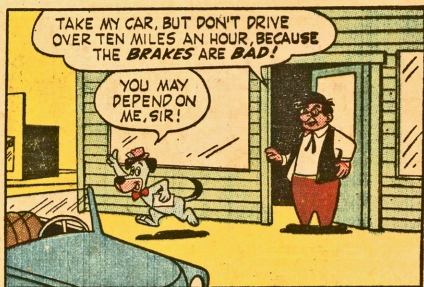


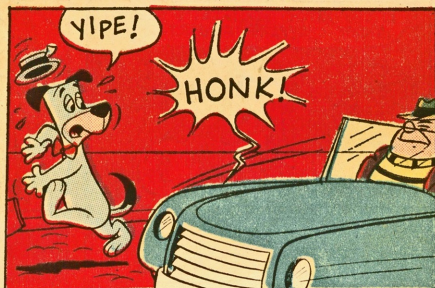


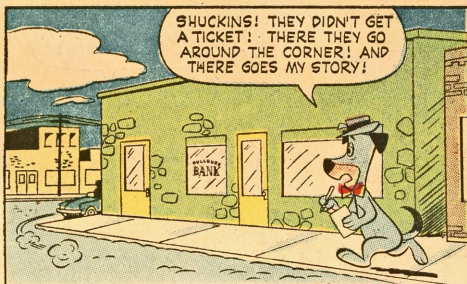
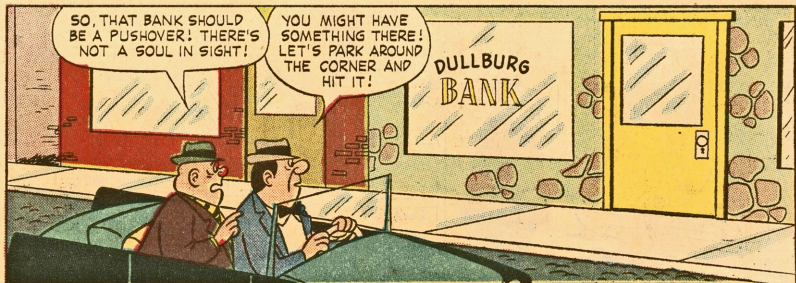
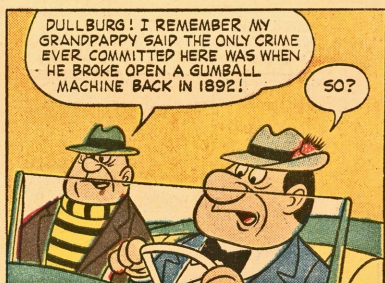
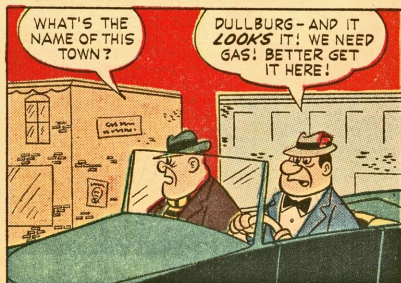
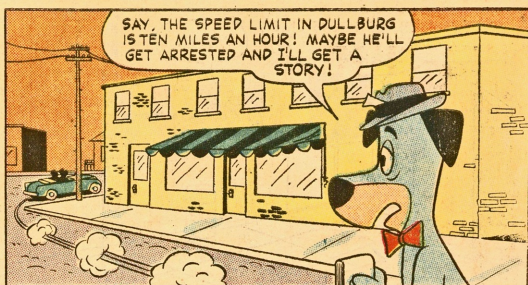
Hanna-Barbera
**Huckleberry
Hound**

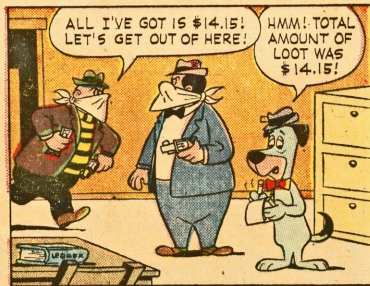
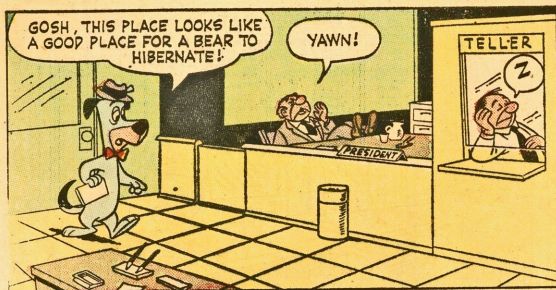
NEWS BLUES

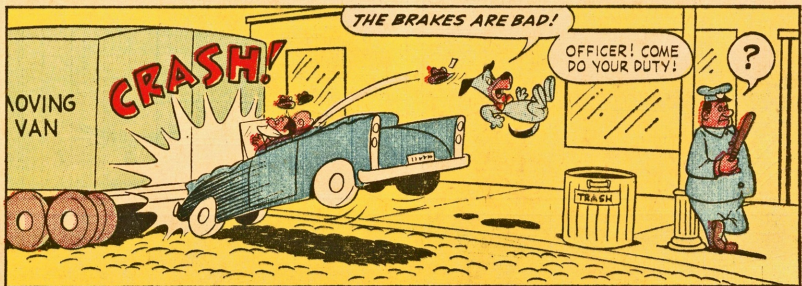
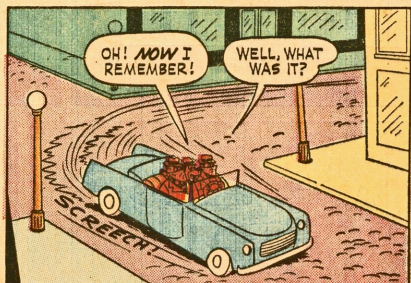
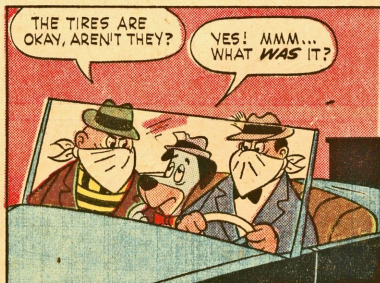




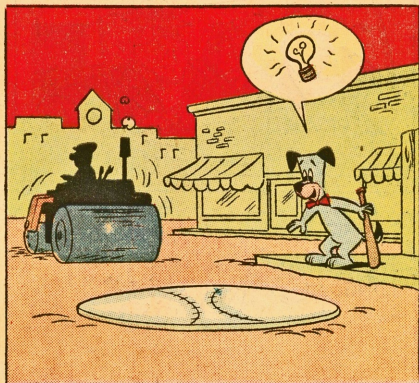
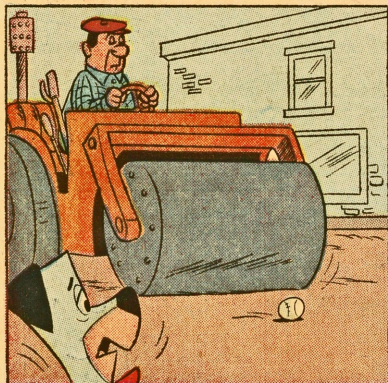
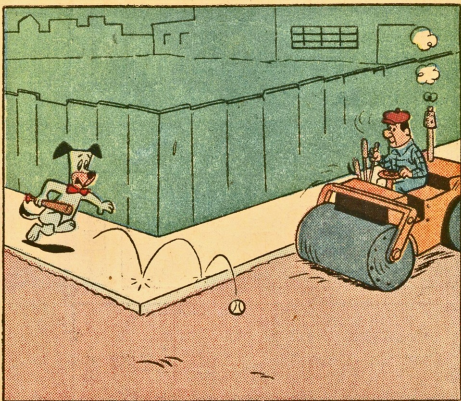


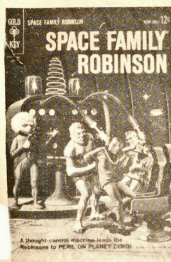
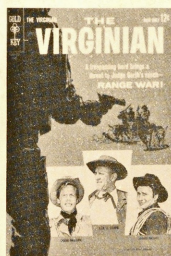
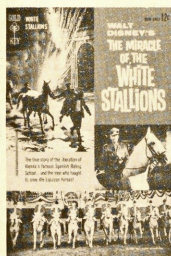
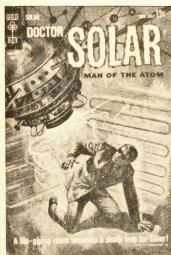
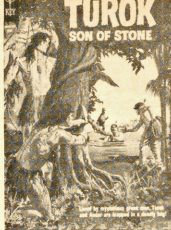






A HUCKLEBERRY CHUCKLEBERRY



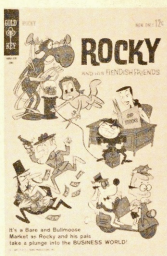
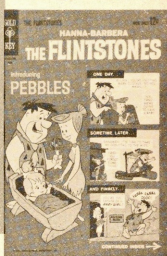


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